

A Fawcett Publication

SEPTEMBER

HOPALONG CASSIDY

10¢
NO. 11

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD



IN THIS ISSUE:
**"THE
DESPERATE
JEETERS!"**

But good, hey, gang?



... really cooking when he made these snaps, wasn't he?

Everybody goes for snapshots—and no fooling. That's because folks like to see themselves as others snap 'em... like to see pictures of fun and friends... of in-into spots and far-off places.

It's no trick at all to take the pictures that rate so high with the crowd... just load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film, take aim, and "click"... It's a snap! With Verichrome, there's no guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.



Brownie Reflex *Synchro model*

Gives a picture-size preview of your snaps before you take 'em—in the hooded viewfinder! Gives your pocketbook a break...—uses Kodak No. 127 film—12 negatives, 1 1/4" square, in the roll. Synchronized for accessory flashbulbs. At your dealer's in our increasing supply.

Kodak

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

A Fawcett Publication

Editor
V. A. PROVISIERO

HOPALONG CASSIDY



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words

A Fawcett Publication

CAPT. MARVEL
ADVENTURES

•
WHEEZ COMICS

•
CAPT. MARVEL, JR.

•
MASTER COMICS

•
THE MARVEL FAMILY

•
DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY

•
FAWCETT'S
FUNNY ANIMALS

•
GEO. FAL'S PUPPETOONS

•
HOPPY

THE MARVEL BUNNY

•
CAPT. MIDNIGHT

•
MARY MARVEL

•
NYOKA
THE JUNGLE GIRL

•
HOPALONG CASSIDY

•
WOW COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT



Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

in

'DESPERATE JEETERS'

'THE LOST BET'

'WIDOW JONES' BIRTHDAY PARTY'

'CAVALIER OF THE PLAINS'

and **HILL BILLY** ★ **PEE WEE PETE**
PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE ★ **WHITEY WHISKERS**
plus "A BANDIT FOR TUBBY,"
a western thriller



September, 1947. Vol. 2, No. 11

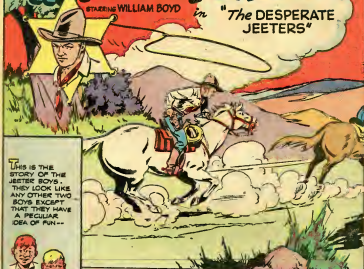
HOPALONG CASSIDY SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S. POSSESSIONS AND CANADA

HOPALONG CASSIDY is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Incorporated at 22 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President, Roger Fawcett, Vice President, Allen E. Norman, Secretary, Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer, Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director, Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director, Ralph Dagh, Editorial Director, Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as second class matter March 18, 1946 at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y. Copyright 1947 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Republishing in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S. possessions and in Canada. Foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$3.70. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by international money order in United States funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, 22 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Advertising offices, New York 18, 42 W. 44th St., Chicago 1, 360 North Michigan Ave., Los Angeles 14, Mr. H. P. Houston, Edward S. Townsend Co., Pacific Mutual Building, San Francisco 4, Mr. Edward S. Townsend, Edward S. Townsend Co., Russ Building, General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U.S.A.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

in "The DESPERATE JEETERS"



THIS IS THE STORY OF THE JESTER BOYS. THEY LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER TWO BOYS EXCEPT THAT THEY HAVE A PECULIAR IDEA OF FUN--

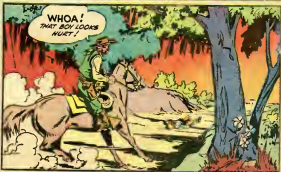


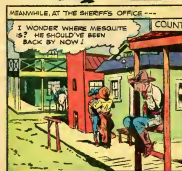
BUD



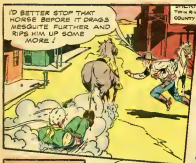
FRECKLES

FOR INSTANCE, ONE DAY AS HOPALONG CASSIDY'S DEPUTY, MESQUITE, HEADS BACK FOR TWIN RIVER---





HOPALONG CASSIDY



BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

IF THAT
CRAZY KID
FIRES THAT GUN
HE'S LIABE
TO KILL THAT
LITTLE GIRL!



I'LL TAKE THAT GUN,
BUD JEETER!



GOSH, SHERIFF,
YUH AIN'T
AWIN' TUH
TELL OUR
PAPPY, ARE
YUH?

WELL, MAYBE YOU'VE
LEARNED YOUR LESSON
THIS TIME SO I WON'T
MENTION IT!



WHUT'S THE BIG
IDEA, SHERIFF?
I WASN'T DOIN'
NUTHIN'!

WHAT YOU
KIDS NEED
IS A SPANKING!



BUT THE JEETER KIDS
HAVEN'T LEARNED ANY
LESSON BECAUSE SHORTLY
AFTER----

HYAR COMES
AN INDIAN NOW,
FRECKLES! GIT
READY TUH
JUMP!



HUH!

POP!

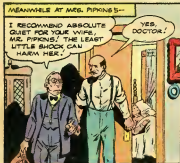
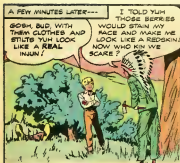
TWUD!

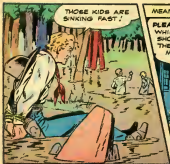


HE'S PLUMB
KNOCKED
OUT!

GOOD! I'LL
TAKE OFF HIS
CLOTHES! YUH
KIN GO AND
GIT THE STILTS!







MEANWHILE IN TOWN--

PLEASE, WAIT JUST A WHILE LONGER! HOPALONG SHOULD BE AWAY WITH THE KIDS ANY MINUTE!

THAT WHOLE STORY'S BUNK! MY KIDS WOULD NEVER DO SUCH A THING!



BUT HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED TO HOPALONG

IT'S A LUCKY THING THESE JAGGED ROCKS ARE HERE! THEY'RE CUTTING THE ROPES!



BOO, HOO!

WE'RE GONNERS! WE SHOULD'VE LISTENED TUH HOPALONG!

THE ONLY WAY I CAN POSSIBLY SAVE THOSE KIDS IS WITH THIS LASSO!



GOOD BOY, TOPPER!



YUH SAVED OUR LIVES, SHERIFF! WE'LL GO BACK AND TELL EVERYBODY THE WHOLE STORY--EVEN IF IT MEANS WE'LL GET A BEATING!

I'M AFRAID PIPKIN AND HIS MOB ARE NO LONGER IN TWIN RIVER!

HOPALONG IS RIGHT, FOR SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS--

TAKE THE TURN TUN THE LEFT! THAT LEADS TUN INJUN TERRITORY!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

WAIT--- HYAR COMES SHERIFF CASSIDY! AND HE'S GOT THE JEETER KIDS WITH HIM!

THERE THEY ARE! IT'S LUCKY I REMEMBERED THIS SHORT CUT!

AND AFTER THE JEETER KIDS CONFESS--

...GOSH, HOPALONG, I CAIN'T THANK YUH ENOUGH FER STOPPIN' US FROM ATTACKIN' THEM INNOCENT INJUNS!

I HOPE YUH'VE LEARNED A LESSON! LISTEN TO REASON INSTEAD OF YOUR EMOTIONS!

AND I HOPE THELL TEACH YUH BOTH A LESSON, TOO!

BOO HOO!
BOO HOO!

HORSING AROUND

I THINK THIS IS HORSE MEAT!

I DON'T THINK SO-- YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

DO YOU WANT TO BET?

NO, I DON'T--

-- I NEVER WON A BET ON A HORSE IN MY LIFE!

Sibby SISTI

1946 CHOICE OF SPORTING
NEWS AS THE MINOR LEAGUES'
"PLAYER OF THE YEAR" — NOW
PLAYING WITH THE BOSTON BRAVES

AND
WHAT A
YEAR!



SIBBY TOPPED THE INDIAN-
APOLIS INDIANS—AND THE AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION—IN BATTING. HE HIT
A ROBUST .343...LED THE LEAGUE
IN HITS AND TRIFLES...WAS SECOND
IN DOUBLES AND TOTAL BASES

TWICE DURING 1946,
SISTI HIT IN 15 STRAIGHT
GAMES. ANOTHER TIME
HE RAN UP A 19 GAME
HITTING STREAK



I'M SURE
OF A HIT TODAY

HAD MY
WHEATIES THIS
MORNING!

"I LIKE A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT,
AND WHEATIES TO START MY BREAKFAST,"
SAYS SIBBY SISTI. "WHEATIES ARE LIGHT
AND FLAVORFUL, YET THEY GIVE YOU GOOD
NOURISHMENT. WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS,' GET A PLACE ON MY BREAK-
FAST TABLE NEARLY EVERY MORNING"

WHEATIES

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"
are registered trade marks of
General Mills, Inc.



NEW**EVEREADY**
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES*Now last 93% longer!***Packs Enough Energy
for 3 400-lb. Bar Bell Lifts!**

Can YOU raise 400 pounds 7 feet in the air? A few champion strong men can. But the energy of our tiny "Eveready" flashlight cell, properly expended, could perform this back-breaking feat 3 times! Think of this kind of energy when you buy flashlight cells . . . ask for "Eveready" batteries every time. \$1.10 each.



• You've got a "pipe line to the power-house" when your flashlight contains these great new "Eveready" cells. For they give you nearly double the energy that pre-war "Eveready" batteries gave you. No wonder these are the largest-selling flashlight batteries in the world! No wonder it can be said, "Get 'Eveready' brand flashlight batteries . . . and you get the best!"

The registered trademark "Eveready" distinguishes products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Div. of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

U.S.A.

• People rate the above on 100. That makes a high-energy "Energy" battery, as proved by the Union Carbide Flashlight test devised by the American Standards Association.



High Energy
**MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT,
LONGER LIFE**

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

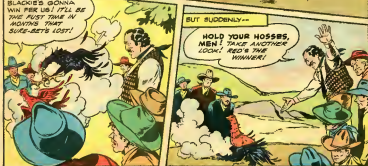
in THE LOST BET!

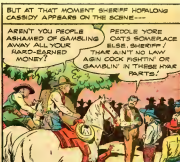


YES, SIR,
BLACKIE'S GONNA
WIN FER US! I'LL BE
THE FUST TIME IN
MONTHS THAT
SURE-BET'S LOST!

BUT SUDDENLY--

HOLD YOUR HOSSSES,
MEN! TAKE ANOTHER
LOOK! RED'S THE
WINNER!





LATER ---

-- SO HOPALONG'S GOVNA VISIT THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE? WELL, IT'S TOO LATE TUN STOP HIM FROM GOIN' BUT WE KIN MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T COME BACK! UNDERSTAND, OKLAHOMA?

I SHORE DO, BOSS!

THE NEXT MORNING AT THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE --

WELL, HOPALONG, DID YUH RECOGNIZE THE CRITTER'S FACE AMONG THOSE PICTURES?

WAIT, MARSHAL -- HERE'S ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE SURE-BET!

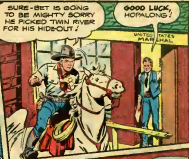
ONLY SURE-BET'S GOT A MOUSTACHE AND THIS HOMRE HASN'T! LEND ME A PENCIL, MARSHAL!

IT'S SURE-BET, ALL RIGHT!

WELL, YUH KIN LOCK HIM UP, HOPALONG! HE'S WANTED FOR CROOKED GAMBLIN' IN THREE STATES, BUT WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TUN FIND HIM!

SURE-BET IS GOING TO BE MIGHTY SORRY HE PICKED TWIN RIVER FOR HIS HIDE-OUT!

GOOD LUCK, HOPALONG!



SHORTLY AFTER AS HOPALONG CUTS THROUGH THE HILLS FOR TWIN RIVER ---

HYAR COMES HOPALONG NOW!

HUH!



AND BEFORE HOPALONG CAN FREE HIMSELF---

I AIN'T AIMIN' TUH GIVE YUH A CHANCE TUH REACH FER YORE GUN, HOPALONG! I KNOW YORE THE BEST SHOT IN THE WEST!

CONK!

NOW TUH REPORT BACK TUH SURE-BET!

MEANWHILE, IN TWIN RIVER---

O.K., MEN! I'M COVERIN' YORE SETS! YUH GOT THE CHAMP, RED, AND I GOT WHITEY!

HOPALONG TOLD ME TUH KEEP MY EYE ON SURE-BET, BUT HE SHOULD'VE BIN BACK BY NOW!

KEEPIN' DRY YUH AN PREVENT FOREST FIRES

I GOT BACK JUST IN TIME! THE COCK FIGHT IS ABOUT TUH START!

IN A FEW MINUTES---

C'MON, RED!

YEA, RED!

RED'S WINNING! WE'RE GOIN' BEAT SURE-BET THIS TIME!



AND A FEW SECONDS LATER--

I'D BETTER GIT HOLD
OF SURE-BET AND
TELL HIM WHUT
HAPPENED!



GULP!

THEY GOT HOPALONGS, TOO!
NOW I'LL NEVER GIT
OUTTA HYAR ALIVE!



IF I CAN GET MESQUITE
TO TURN AROUND I
CAN CUT THESE
CORDS ON HIS
SPUR!

I WONDER
WHY HOPALONG
IS KICKING
MY LEG?



OUCH!

THAT HURT!



I'D BETTER TURN
AROUND BEFORE HE
KICKS MY LEG OFF!



NOW I GIT IT! HOPALONG SHORE
IS SMART! HE'S USING MY SPUR
TO RIP HIS ROPES!



WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST,
MESQUITE! THEY'LL BE
BACK FOR US ANY
SECOND NOW!





COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
BOB WINSLOW
IN

**BOB
WINSLOW
OF THE SEA**

EVERY MONTH!

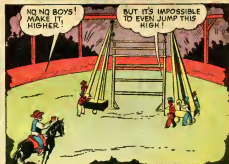
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

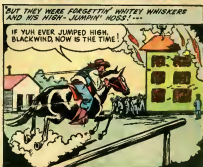
Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard



WHITEY WHISKERS and DANIEL BOONE JR. and the HIGH-JUMPIN' KING







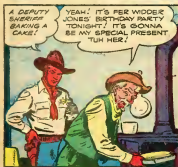


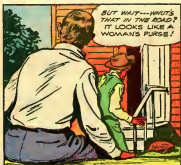


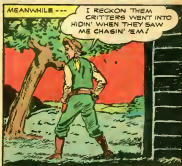
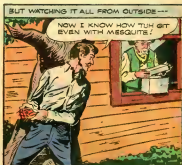
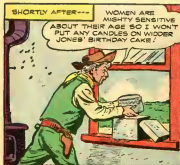
HOPALONG CASSIDY

in
WIDOW JONES' BIRTHDAY PARTY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD









LATER, AT WIDOW JONES' HOUSE-

YORE EARLY, MESQUITE! THE PARTY DOESN'T START TILL SUNDOWN!



I KNOW, WIDDER JONES, BUT I WANTED TUN GIVE YUN THIS BIRTHDAY CAKE I MADE FOR YUN MYSELF!

YUN MADE A CAKE FER ME....
GOSH!

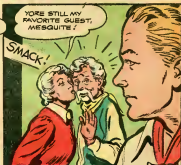


WHUT'S THE MATTER, WIDDER JONES?









A NATURAL ANSWER



A BANDIT FOR TUBBY

By

Joseph Millard



TUBBY TAYLOR, the fattest sheriff west of Alagordo County, was deep in a beautiful dream. In this fantasy he had floated off on a fleece-lined cloud and was drifting around the sky, fanned by a gentle breeze, while chocolate-covered cherries dropped into his open mouth at regular intervals. He was just munching his thirty-sixth chocolate cherry when the dream exploded with rude violence.

A rough hand slapped his booted feet off the desk top, jerking his big body forward in the tilted chair. Another hand swept the sombrero off his face, letting cruel sunlight scorch his eyelids. A voice grated harshly in his ear.

"Tubby," the voice yelled, "Tubby, wake up. The Black Bandit just robbed the bank. You've got to go after him."

"Huh? Blub-splutter!" Tubby came up out of sleep, snorting and pawing the air. "Whaaaa? Who?"

Tubby opened his eyes in time to catch the last flicker of a grimace of irritation and disgust on the face of his permanent deputy, Al Greenan. Al was everything the fat sheriff was not. Al was slim and dark and quick-moving and his dress, from inland boots to expensive cream Stetson, was the height of western elegance. Furthermore, he made no bones of his disgust at Tubby's sloppy manners and dress or his sleepy distaste for any job requiring physical effort.

Tubby was well aware of his deputy's feelings toward him. He was also aware that Al Greenan was quietly building his fences toward the day when the voters might choose a younger and more active sheriff. None of this worried Tubby, however. Nothing, in fact, ever seemed to worry Tubby.

He stood up now, grunting with the effort, and cocked an ear toward the rustle of wind-blown sand against the shanty that was both home and office. "West wind," he commented. "Might of knowed the Black Bandit'd strike. He allus picks a windy day, so's his tracks fill up with sand and hide his getaway trail. Where was you?"

"Out checking on those Bar-S steers," Al snapped. "Well, let's get started."

Tubby lumbered outside, grumbling, and

waited, talking to the banker while Al brought his horse. He climbed into the saddle with noisy effort. "Waste of time," he snorted. "Tracks'll be gone. Just wear out me and the horse both. No sense."

He was still grumbling audibly when he came plodding back at sundown, with Al riding in cold disapproval at his heels. Bigelow, the banker, was waiting with the crowd in front of the office. "Any luck, Tubby?"

"Now," Tubby said, grunting himself down to the ground. "Like always, he rides out of town where the wind can sweep away his trail in ten minutes. Did he get away with much?"

Suddenly and unexpectedly Bigelow laughed. "You ought to know, you fat fox. It was you who talked me into transferring the bulk of my gold to that old safe in your office. If the Black Bandit had known there was fifty thousand dollars in that crackerbox of yours, he wouldn't have bothered with my vault."

A buzz of startled conversation swept through the crowd. Tubby scowled at the banker. "Yuh didn't have to tell everybody," he complained. "Suppose the Black Bandit finds it out and decides to come back after what he missed? Where'll I be, then? Probably get my sleep spoiled and get shot up besides. Some people ain't got the sense of a dern prairie owl, by jings."

He lumbered into his shack and sank into the worn chair. Al Greenan followed him in. "You through with me for tonight, Sheriff? I had a sort of a date over in Bucktown."

Tubby waved a fat hand. "Go ahead, Al. Might's well have your fun. Ain't nothing we can do about the Black Bandit anyhow. I'll just hafta sit here and dose and watch the safe, I guess."

HE wriggled down into a more comfortable position, tilted his hat, hooked spurs onto the scarred desk top and began to snore in soft cadence. His deputy sighed, shrugged and went out. Presently the sound of hoofbeats died away toward the east. Tubby opened his eyes reluctantly and squinted at the setting sun. "That dern bandit," he growled. "If he don't quit, I'm gonna either hafta catch him or lose my job to that fool deppity. Oh, well . . ."

He got up, sighing, and began to rummage through his desk. Then for a time he blundered around the darkening office like a bull in a China shop, knocking against furniture, dropping tools and occasionally rocking the old shanty with the impact of hammer blows against the sagging wood. Presently he went outside and got down on hands and knees beside the shack. In the shadows, he seemed to be scooping up sand and filling small cloth bags of the type used for hauling gold and silver coins to the banks.

After a time he went back inside and lit the desk lamp, a low kerosene affair with a thick green shade that threw yellow light on the desk itself but left the rest of the office in almost total darkness. Then, sitting behind the desk, Sheriff Tubby Taylor began pulling bits of white string across the top of the desk and tying them to rows of tacks driven partway into the scarred wood.

When he had finished, the desktop resembled the work bench of a maker of fish nets: White string criss-crossed the surface and ran down off the edges of the desk, into the deep shadows. There seemed to be no rhyme or reason for the strings but Sheriff Taylor grunted with satisfaction. Settling himself comfortably in the old chair he brought out clasp knife and a chunk of pine wood and began to whittle.

HE was still whistling, an hour and a half later, when the shack door suddenly burst open. "Keep your fat hands on the desk and don't try any funny moves," a harsh voice snarled.

Tubby stopped whistling and peered out through the lamp light at the source of the voice. He could dimly make out the figure in the shadows, a tall man clothed in black from head to foot, with a black hood completely hiding the face under the black Stetson. A black gun gleamed dully from one black-gloved fist.

Tubby sighed. "Reckon you must be that Black Bandit everybody yaps about."

"Right," the figure snarled. "Now open your tin safe and get out that bank dough you thought you were so smart about hiding."

Tubby's face screwed up like that of a little boy about to cry. His lower lip pushed out. He twisted the ridiculously small clasp knife between fat fingers and glanced helplessly toward the distant wall where his two guns hung in their holsters. "Dern it," he muttered. "I shouda worn my guns, but they're so uncomfortable a man can't nap with 'em on."

"Get it," the Black Bandit snapped, poking the gun forward.

"Won't," Tubby said and his jaw set. "That money belongs to the bank and to the folks in town."

"It's up to you, fatty," the bandit snarled. "You can get it for me and stay alive, or I'll blow your fat throat out and get it myself. It makes no difference to me." He came two steps toward the desk, the black maw of the revolver poking down into the yellow lamplight. Tubby's eyes clung, fascinated, to the grim weapon.

"I'll lose my job if I lose that money," Tubby said. His hands played nervously with the whistling knife. He laid the sharp blade across one of the white strings on the desk and jabbed it downward.

"Hay . . ." the bandit began.

The string parted with a twang. There was a swish, a thud and the bandit's gun jerked downward and exploded noisily, sending a .45 slug tearing into the old board floor. The Black Bandit cursed in a loud, frightened voice. Tubby stabbed the knife again and another string parted.

There was another swish and a thud. The bandit's choked voice broke off in a grunt. He came staggering forward and his face plowed across the desk top.

"Dern fool," Tubby said regretfully. He lifted one fat fist and drove it down against the base of the bandit's skull; where the black hood tied. The bandit sighed, jerked and went limp.

Outside voices yelled questioningly and feet pounded toward the shack. Tubby turned the kerosene lamp up, lumbered to his feet and tossed the limp figure of the bandit onto the desk. He was just stripping off the mask, revealing the face of his ambitious deputy, Al Greenan, when a group of citizens burst in.

"Yep," Tubby said sadly, in answer to their excited questions. "Al got too big for his pants. I kinda figgered for a long time he might be the Black Bandit. He alius was out of town when the bandit struck, and there ain't nobody could dress as fancy as he does on a deputy's pay. Hay, look out for them strings."

HE pointed overhead. The ceiling was dotted with bent nails. Over each nail stretched a white string. And suspended from each string was a small but efficiently heavy bag of hard-packed sand.

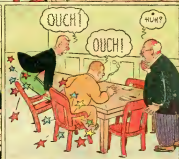
"Kind of a lazy man's trap," Tubby explained apologetically. "Cuttin' a string lets that pertic'lar sandbag drop on a man's skull hard enough to floor him. Saves wear and tear on knuckles and furniture, to say nothin' of bullet-holes in a man's hide. Now, if you gents'll excuse me, I got to see if I can get back into a mighty pleasant dream I was having a few hours back."

PEEWEE PETE

"THE LAST LAUGH"









I'M GOING TO MAKE A NOTE OF THAT TACK!



HURUMPH! WHAT KIND OF A PEN IS THIS? IT'S LEAKING ALL OVER MY HAND!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! MY PENS NEVER LEAKED BEFORE!

HERE, DRY YOUR HAND ON THIS PAPER.



NOW I'LL NEVER GET THE LOAN. THIS IS PROBABLY ALL PEEWEE PETE'S DOINGS!

WHAT KIND OF PAD IS THIS? IT STICKS TO ME LIKE FLY-PAPER!



MEANWHILE AT THE KEYHOLE

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! I MIGHT AS WELL WRITE OUT MY RESIGNATION BEFORE MR. SMITH COMES OUT AND FIRES ME!



BZZ - BZZ BZZ

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO IN A HUFFLE, GENTLEMEN. I KNOW YOU WON'T EXTEND MY LOAN NOW AND I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU AFTER WHAT HAPPENED.



ON THE CONTRARY! THOSE PRACTICAL JOKES ARE THE ONLY REASON WE ARE GIVING YOU THE LOAN!

ANY MAN WHO CAN STILL HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR AT A CRITICAL TIME LIKE THIS IS A GOOD RISK!

???



LATER -

STORE

BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY - PRACTICAL JOKES OUR SPECIALTY

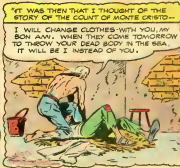
SOMETIMES I CAN'T UNDERSTAND MR. SMITH! JUST WHEN I EXPECT TO GET FIRED, HE GIVES ME A RAISE, AND TREATS ME TO FIVE DOLLARS' WORTH OF PRACTICAL JOKES TO PLAY ON MY GANG TONIGHT!













HOPALONG CASSIDY

DON'T KILL ME! I'LL WRITE
OUT A FULL CONFESSION!



NO TREES SEE YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE!

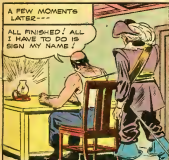


*I, Alphonse Duval,
do hereby confess
that twenty years ago*



A FEW MOMENTS
LATER---

ALL FINISHED! ALL
I HAVE TO DO IS
SIGN MY NAME!



HERE
IT IS!



AS THE
CAVALIER
REACHES
FOR IT--

MY EYES--
I CAN'T
SEE!

YOU FOOL! YOU
DIDN'T THINK I
WAS GOING TO
GIVE YOU A
CONFESSION,
DID YOU?



I'LL TAKE
THAT SWORD!





THE CASE OF THE BOK CAR BANDIT

The Adventures of Donald Duckett's SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) System radio. See radio listing in this paper.

SAM SPADE, ACE DETECTIVE, AND HIS SECRETARY EPPE ARE HEADED FOR AN EMBANKMENT AT THE COUNTY SEAT WHEN A SPEEDY FREIGHT WHIZZES BY...

OH—THEY'LL BE KILLED!

HOLY SMOKES—AND OH—JUST A MINUTE—QUICK—DRIVE ALONG—SEE THAT TRAIN?

OH, SAM—BE CAREFUL!

OH—WAS THAT DUMB, NO?

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

AS EPPE SPEEDS AHEAD TO STOP THE TRAIN—SAM GOES TO WORK.

HOW'D YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THAT BOK CAR? HE'S A KILLER!

WAT MY GAL TURNED ME DOWN SO I HOPPED THE FIRST FREIGHT

LISTEN PAL, AFTER WE JAIL THIS GUY, LET'S HAVE A SODA AND TALK ABOUT THIS GIRL PROBLEM

SEE THAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC—THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED, POK THAT HAIR AND YOUR GUY WILL SEE HOW HANDSOME YOU REALLY ARE

YEAH!

WILDER CREAM

TRY THE P-N TEST! THE FINGER NAIL TEST! SEE 1

IT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO SOFTEN YOUR HAIR—RE-EVIL DIVING AND REMOVE LOOSE OILS. GETTER, SET A BOTTLE RIGHT NOW AND USE IT EVERY DAY

WELL, SO LONG, SORRY! USE THAT "CREAM-OIL" REGULARLY AND YOUR GAL WILL STICK TO YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT! ELM USES IT EVERY DAY—AND HE'S STUCK WITH ME!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

ADVANCED HAIR CARE RESEARCH BY WILDER LABORATORIES

WILDER LABORATORIES, INC.



BEAR BIKE FACTS

BY THE GILLETTE BEAR



A BICYCLE SUIT FOR TWO... AND A HALF! THIS WAS THE LAST WORD IN A FAMILY RUN-ABOUT OF 1896...



THE SPORTS HEROES OF THE GAY 90'S WERE THE GLAMOROUS "FASTEST MEN ON WHEELS"... THE CHAMPION BIKE RACERS, CHEERING CROWDS FOLLOWED THEM EVERYWHERE!



"HEY, BUD... WHERE'S THE FIRE?!"...BACK IN 1840 "SPEED MANIACS" PEDALING THROUGH TOWN AT THE FEARFUL RATE OF 20 MILES PER HOUR, HAD TO BE KEPT IN CHECK!



ON COUNTRY ROADS OR CITY PAVEMENTS GILLETTE BIKE TIRES OFFER THE MOST IN COMFORT AND SAFETY. CYCLISTS EVERYWHERE KNOW THAT THE GILLETTE TIRE IS A BEAR FOR WEAR.

GILLETTE



Bicycle Tires

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

DRAMA ON THE HIGHWAY!



SAY, DON'T YOU FELLOWS TALK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT BASEBALL - LOOK AT THAT MOON

LOOK AT THAT TRUCK! HE MUST BE GOING ABOUT 70!

AND LOOK AT THAT CAR - THE GUNS MUST BE AFTER HER!



WILLIAM BOYD STAR OF THE HOPALONG CASHDY SERIES, SAYS:

RIGHT YOU ARE! R.C. DOES TASTE BEST!

William Boyd took the solo test - 1941 - national Royal Crown Cola taste-test. "It's the best," he said. "R.C. for me!" That's the spirit with you, a taste to which a famous leader of the R.C. Home Cafe - drink by the glass - has!

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by taste-test